



CUD COMICS

#7

\$2.95 US
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TERRY LABAN'S

CUD

COMICS™

SNIFF...

♪ LOOK WHAT'S COMIN' UP THE STREET—
GOT A REVOLUTION,
GOT A REVOLUTION!...♪

BOOKS

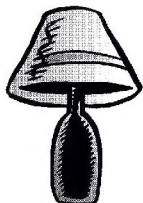
↑ THIS END UP

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE
VOLUNTEERS

LOVE
BEADS

T. LABAN © '96

TERRY LABAN'S CUDTM COMICS



I
DIDN'T USED TO BE A
MATERIALISTIC PERSON, BUT I'VE
BEEN WANTING THINGS LATELY. MAYBE IT'S
A FUNCTION OF AGE, MAYBE IT'S A PREVIOUSLY
REPPRESSED LACK IN MY INNER SELF, MAYBE IT'S
THE OBSESSIVE TENDENCY THAT SEEMS TO ATTACH
ITSELF TO MY EMOTIONAL INCLINATIONS LIKE A SEA
LAMPREY TO A TROUT -- BUT I'VE BEEN WANTING THINGS
LATELY, MOST POWERFULLY. NOT EXPENSIVE CARS OR NICE
SUITS, MIND YOU, BUT OLD THINGS -- BAKELITE RADIOS,
DRIFTWOOD LAMPS, KEROSENE LANTERNS -- THE KIND OF CRAP
THAT, WHILE HARDLY WORTHLESS, DOESN'T EXACTLY FUEL LATE-
TWENTIETH-CENTURY CONSUMER FANTASIES EITHER. I'M NOT A
COLLECTOR -- I'M NOT FIXATED ON TIN POPEYE MEMORABILIA OR
ART DECO SHAVING KITS, AND I'LL NEVER FILL MY SHELVES WITH A
COMPREHENSIVE SAMPLING OF GAS STATION GIRLIE CALENDARS FROM
THE YEAR 1947. IT'S MORE A MATTER OF THE ODD SOMETHING OR OTHER
CATCHING MY EYE, THE WAY A SHINY FOIL GUM WRAPPER ATTRACTS
A CROW. TO THAT END, I FIND MYSELF HAUNTING LOW-RENT ANTIQUE
SHOPS, WANDERING THROUGH THE REMAINS OF COMMERCIAL CULTURE
DECADES GONE, FEELING LIKE ODYSSEUS IN HADES, SURROUNDED
BY THE WHISPERING SHADES OF THE DEAD. I POKE THROUGH PILES
OF DUSTY FIESTAWARE AND PSEUDO-ORIENTAL FIGURINES MADE
IN OCCUPIED JAPAN, LOOKING FOR CATHARSIS -- THAT THING
WHICH STARES BACK AT ME THROUGH THE GRIME OF HISTORY
WITH SUCH A UNIQUE COMBINATION OF BEAUTY,
ECCENTRICITY, AND PATHOS THAT I MUST HAVE IT --
NEVER MIND THAT IT'S USELESS AND WILL
INFURIATE MY WIFE. WHO KNOWS WHAT IT'S
ALL ABOUT? MY SUBCONSCIOUS IS FULL
OF THINGS THAT DON'T MAKE SENSE,
LIKE OLD JUNK IN THE BACK
OF A STORE.



BY
**TERRY
LABAN**

EDITED BY
**DIANA
SCHUTZ**

DESIGNED BY
**JULIE
GASSAWAY**

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THE CONTINUING AND REMARKABLE ADVENTURES OF THAT COOL CAT AND KITTY,

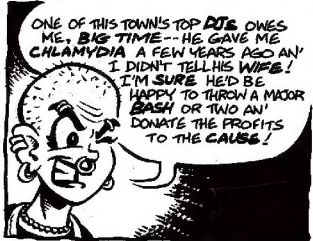
Eno & Plum

IN

"THE HAUNTED SHIRT"

by TERRY LABANOST





The Adventures
of ENO and PLUM'S
CAT
by TERRY LABAN 97

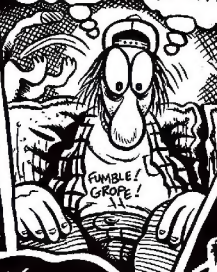




WOW--I MUST
REALLY BE
WIRED ...

I'M HALLUCINATING
THAT I CAN FEEL
SOMEONE GROPPING
AT MY PANTS!

OMIGOD!
WHAT WAS IN
THAT COFFEE?
MY JEANS
JUST UNZIPPED
THEMSELVES
WITHOUT
THE AID OF
HUMAN HANDS!



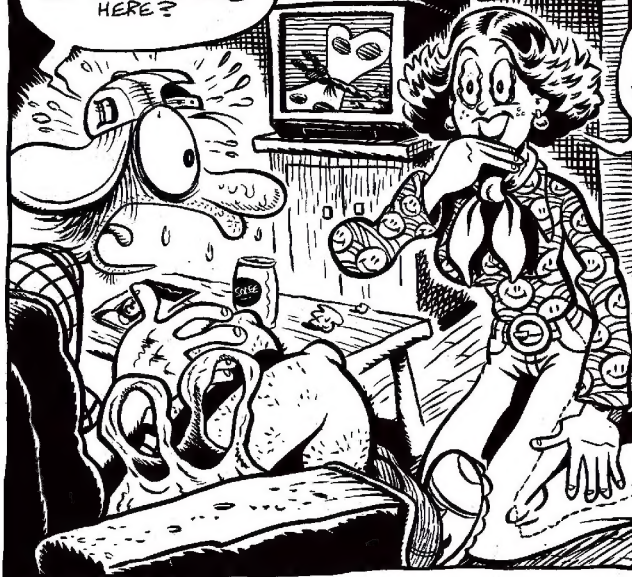
NO!
THIS CAN'T BE
HAPPENING! SOME
SPECTRAL FORCE HAS
TAKEN OUT MY ... AND
IT'S ... ULP



HOLY SHIT!
WHO THE HELL ARE
YOU, AND WHAT THE
HELL ARE YOU DOING
HERE?



HII! MY
NAME'S CINDI,
AND YOUR
GIRLFRIEND
JUST BOUGHT
THE SHIRT I
DIED IN!





YOU MEAN... THIS?

THE SAME!



"SEE, LATE ONE SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE FALL OF '78, I WAS BOOGYING DOWN AT STUDIO TRES CHIC, WHEN I RAN INTO THIS SUPER-CUTE GUY."



"WE WENT OUT TO HIS CAR AND STARTED DOING MAJOR AMOUNTS OF HIS BLOW."



"IF HE WANTED TO GET ME HIGH AND HORNY, IT WORKED—BUT EITHER IT WAS CUT WITH SOMETHING, OR I DID TOO MUCH; CUZ JUST AS I WAS GOING DOWN ON HIM..."

OH, YEAH...



"I CROAKED!"

OH, SHIT!



THE BASTARD NEVER TOLD ANYONE AND NEVER GOT CAUGHT... JUST WENT ON WITH HIS LIFE LIKE NOTHING HAD HAPPENED. BUT I JUST COULDN'T REST, Y'KNOW? SO I HANG OUT NEAR MY SHIRT, THE ONLY THING FROM THAT NIGHT STILL LEFT.

SO... HOW DOES MY BLOWJOB FIT IN WITH ALL THIS?

SULP!... AND, SO, YOU ROAM THE EARTH, SEARCHING FOR HIS...

YES! AND WHEN I FIND IT, I'LL TAKE MY REVENGE!



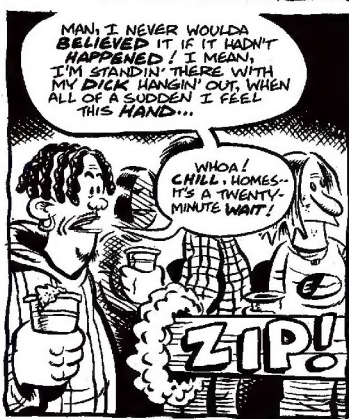
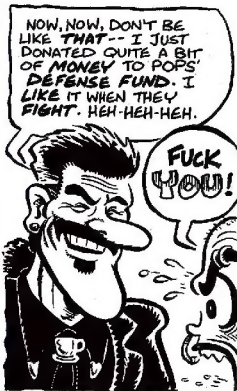
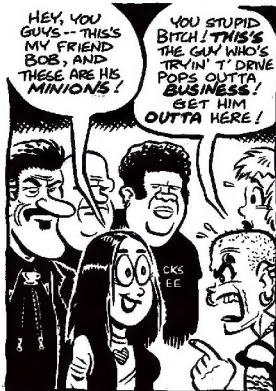
A FEW WEEKS LATER...

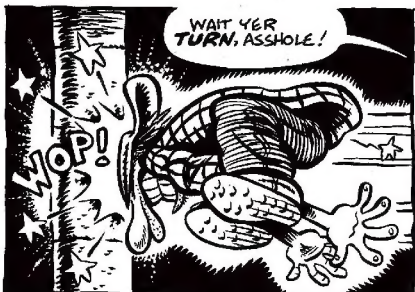


HEY, PLUM!

HEY, CATHERINE! COMING TO THE BIG PARTY?

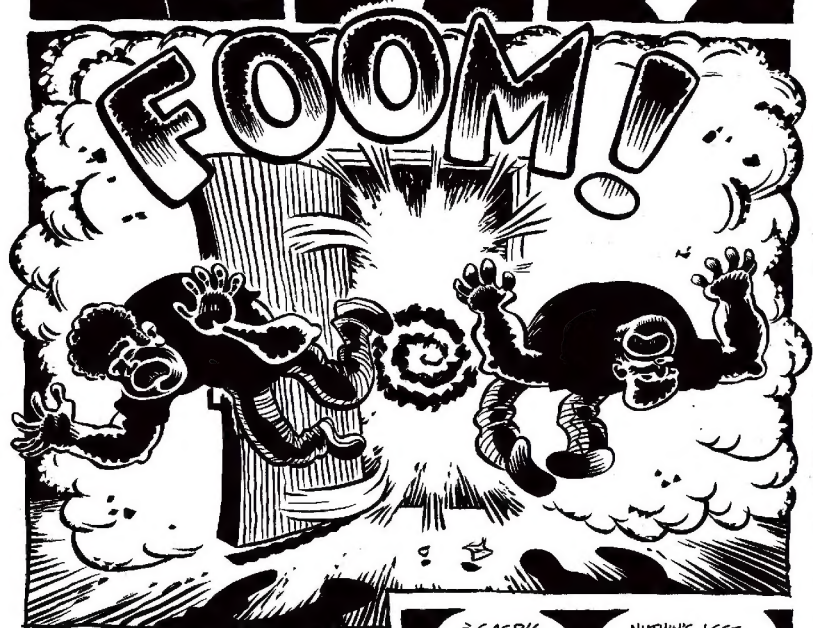






AT THAT VERY MOMENT...





A FEW DAYS LATER...

WELL, THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT THE WHOLE STARMUCKS THING IS ON INDEFINITE HOLD.



THE BAD NEWS IS THE COPS ARE CONVINCED THAT POPS KILLED THE GUY!

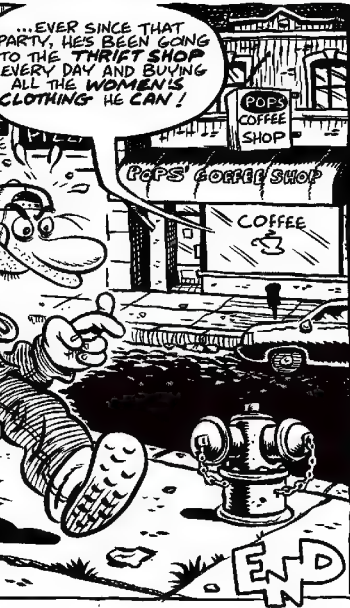
YEAH...AND NOTHING CAN CONVINCE POOR CATHERINE THAT THE GUY DIDN'T WALK OUT ON HER!

3 SOB'S OK, HE WAS AN ASSHOLE. DID HE HAVE TO ACT LIKE ONE?



BUT THE ONE WHO'S HARDEST TO UNDERSTAND IS **END**...

...EVER SINCE THAT PARTY, HE'S BEEN GOING TO THE **THRIFT SHOP** EVERY DAY AND BUYING ALL THE **WOMEN'S CLOTHING** HE CAN!



END

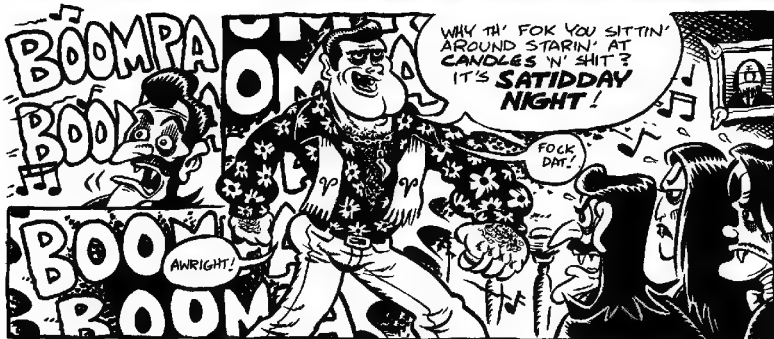
T. LABAN PRESENTS

REVENGE OF THE VAMPIRE

Featuring:

FOKKIN' AY!

VINNIE THE DISCO VAMPIRE



The MIDWESTERN VALUES







COULD BE BETTER, I'M AFRAID. SEEMS THERE'S BEEN SOME TROUBLE WITH SOME NEW FOLKS IN TOWN. IT'S JUST KIDS, BUT IT WORRIES ME.



SUNDAY-

THINK THE
REV'RENDS GONNA
SAY SOMETHING
ABOUT THOSE
NEW PEOPLE?

I DUNNO.
HE SURE WAS
IN A SNIT
ABOUT IT
THURSDAY.

≥ AHEM...

BROTHERS
AND SISTERS...



YOU MAY'VE ALREADY
HEARD THAT WE HAVE SOME
NEW NEIGHBORS. SOME OF
YOU HAVE EXPRESSED YOUR
CONCERN ABOUT WHETHER
THEY'LL BE ABLE TO FIT INTO
OUR COMMUNITY... UPHOLD OUR
VALUES.



AS IT TURNS OUT, I WAS PLANNING
TO INTRODUCE THEM TONIGHT
ANYHOW. BUT IN LIGHT OF
RECENT EVENTS, I'D LIKE
TO LET THEM TALK TO YOU
THEMSELVES.

WILL YOU
PLEASE WELCOME
CLYDE AND NINA
IVANELLI.



GASP!

WHAT'RE
THEY
DOING HERE?

HI-- NINA AND I ARE SO
HAPPY TO BE WITH YOU, AND WE
DEEPLY REGRET ANY MIS-
UNDERSTANDINGS THAT MAY'VE
STARTED US OFF HERE ON THE
WRONG FOOT.



EARLIER THIS WEEK, A NEIGHBOR
CAME TO OUR DOOR TO EXTEND
THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP.
UNFORTUNATELY, WE COULDN'T
RESPOND RIGHT
THEN.



YOU SEE, AT THAT
VERY MOMENT, OUR BREEDER
WAS DELIVERING THIS FINE,
FAT BABY, WHICH WE'RE
THRILLED TO BE OFFERING
FOR SACRIFICE TONIGHT!

WE HOPE
IT'LL HELP
YOU TO
FORGIVE OUR
FAUX PAS.





END

LETTERS: TERRY LABAN

PO BOX 607056
CHICAGO, IL 60660

TerryL3
@aol.com

Dear Ter —

I must say, I didn't care for the cat story, maybe because I just don't care for cats or because I have two kids and no patience left for those large parasites we call "pets." I can remember feeling so indignant when I would weave a charming yarn about something cute my mutts did and someone would respond with some pitiful tale about his cat.

Excuse me—I was talking about a *dog*, not that boneless, uncaring little predator you were sucker enough to let into your home. Now it's more like: don't bring up your dog story after one of my anecdotes about my daughter going potty for the umpteenth time. Funny thing is, we just got my son an iguana, and we can't get *enough* of him. God help him if he needs chemo or something.

I *did* like the stretch marks on the hooker.

John Hazard
Bayshore, NY

Dear Terry —

I just lost my old friend, Zero the dog, and I was moved by the story of your cat. Zero's experience was a

little quicker, but just as painful and just as transformational.

Gary Cifra
Venice, CA

Dear Terry —

I just picked up the latest *Cud* and, as usual, was cracking up practically the whole time, reading the story of the cat and "Violent High School." In fact, my girlfriend became annoyed at my uncontrollable outbursts, which she claimed disturbed her concentration while she read her comics. This happens every time I come home with a new *Cud*.

Mark Winter
Chicago, IL

Hey, Terry —

I love *Cud*, but I never thought I'd get more from it than a half-hour's entertainment. My mistake — I was at a local java joint, just finishing the first story when I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was the waitress, an absolutely stunning miss, with tatas the size and shape of honeydews pushing out from under her black tee.


"Terry LaBan is great,"

she purred, in a sultry voice. "We've got everything he ever did, in the basement. Wanna see?"

They had all your comics, all right, but I didn't have time to read them. As soon as we were out of sight behind the bean sacks, she was on me like the IRS in April, her tongue moving in my mouth like a caterpillar on speed. Her shirt off, I ogled her creamy orbs and then gasped as her mitts groped for my wedding tackle. Pushing me back onto ten pounds of French Roast, she started expertly gobbling my business. She was obviously enjoying her snack, but I guess she wanted a meal, because after a few amazing moments she left off and bent over a crate of scones. In a nanosecond I was in, frantically hunching, and she screamed like the audience at the end of *Halloween 2* when I filled her love hutch with a veritable small pond's worth of baby frogs.

I told my local retailer about this, and he upped his orders. Keep up the great work!


Matt V.
North Glencoe, IL



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THE AUTHOR 120 WHIPPING BOY

by T. LABAN 97



Terry LaBan, religious ascetic cartoonist, was applying the whip to his naked back for the hundredth time when he heard the wooden door of his cell creak open. He rose from his knees and turned, trying to ignore the pain from the gaping wounds.

"Father," he said, stammering slightly despite himself, "to what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

The Abbot sighed, watching in dismay at the blood running over the spot tied around LaBan's waist and pooling at his feet. He was a kindly man and had risen to his position in the Cartoonsists' Order

through years of diligent and selfless work on his moderately popular comic, *Lotus and Gail Blunder*, a workmanlike strip about a buffoonish warlock and his familiar, a moth.

"Please, Brother Terry," he said, "won't you cease this self-abuse? Allow the physic to look after your wounds, and take a regular meal with us this even."

"No," replied LaBan, his eyes gleaming feverishly beneath the fish tail caked his features. "I have naught but my usual bowl of horse manure and dirty water, till the Lord grant me His Vision."

"Too rare, Brother," said the Abbot sternly. "God's meat come not to reward such excesses. Look you at Brother Stangle—his name, *Flounder's Catchpiece*, is widely acclaimed, yet he leads a life famous for its dedication to drink and whoring."

"Each asks and each receives in a manner all his own," LaBan said firmly.

"Have I not done everything possible to get a good idea? Yet, while my Brothers go on to amuse the masses, only lambs lame and derelictive flow from my cursed pen. There is no place for me to run to anymore but the point where I now stand. God must either grant me grace or let me die."

Sighing, the Abbot departed, leaving LaBan by himself in his cell, barren but for a straw bed, a rough stool, and a drawing board, against which LaBan began to prop his head.

"One," he said, "two." The sharp



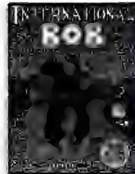
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sound of his brow smacking the wooden strip on the bottom, that kept the paper from slipping off, echoed in the monastery halls.

Such behavior wasn't unknown to the brothers, but they'd rarely seen it so extreme. Alone and in twos and threes, they went to LaBan's cell, pleading with him to stop, watching in alarm as his condition deteriorated and his behavior became increasingly bizarre. Brother Kroft, responsible for the *Moat Ditch* gag panel, and Brother Sealy, who did *Lord Dusty*, even held him down at one point to keep him from ripping out his own fingernails.

But nothing they could do would get LaBan to stop, and apparently nothing he could do would get God to bestow His favor. His condition weakened, and before long he was unable to get out of his cot, an emaciated, scabby figure in rotten clothes, his trembling hand holding a quill pen ready in what seemed a pathetically misplaced hope.

Finally, he gave up. Looking into the darkness one night, he breathed a breath he knew instinctively would be his last.

"I'm in your hands, Lord," he croaked. "I accept your plan on earth, as I hope to do in heaven."

Suddenly he heard a voice somewhere above him, calling his name. The cracked ceiling heaved and then dissolved in color and light, opening as if it were a door.

Looking through, he beheld a vision of cartoon heaven. The air was full of

cherubs with round noses and dots for eyes. Gorgeous sylphs with half-closed eyes and exaggerated breasts played instruments. Mice threw bricks at cats, bears stole picnic baskets, ducks in sailor suits got angry, and, in the center of it all, a smiling old man with a long, white beard sat on a throne, holding up a manuscript. Gasping, LaBan heaved himself from the bed with a superhuman strength and dragged himself to the board.



When they found him in the morning, he was already cold. Everyone remarked on how peaceful and happy he looked, as he sat, still upright in the chair, his hands still gripping the pen in the distorted grasp of rigor mortis. But it was the finished cartoon in front of him that truly amazed them. Wherever had he gotten an idea like that? It was definitely the best thing he'd ever done.

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PLUM'S OLD MAN, \$eymour Rinierpeace

in:

"THEY'RE PLAYING
OUR SONG"

AH, YES, JIGGS--AFTER A
LONG DAY IN THE TRENCHES OF
INTERNATIONAL CAPITALISM,
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A FAT STICK
OF MOOCH AND "MONKEES"
RERUNS ON WIDE-SCREEN TV!

♪...ANOTHER HARPER
VALLEY SUNDAAAY...♪

UNDOUBTEDLY,
SIR.

by
TERRY
LABAN
©1986

HYUK! I DON'T KNOW IF I
ENJOYED THIS SHOW ANY LESS
WHEN I WATCHED IT ON MY
COMMUNE'S 7" BLACK AND WHITE,
BUT SIX MORE FEET AND DOLBY
SOUND SURE DON'T HURT IT!

DEFINITELY
NOT, SIR.

THE MONKEES WILL
BE BACK AFTER THIS
BRIEF MESSAGE...

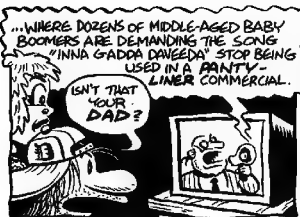
THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM LIKE THAT
ANYMORE. Y'KNOW, I COULD GO
BANKRUPT TOMORROW, JIGGS, BUT
THEY COULD NEVER TAKE AWAY THE
GLORIOUS CULTURE OF MY
YOUTH.

AN
ENDURING
LEGACY,
SIR.

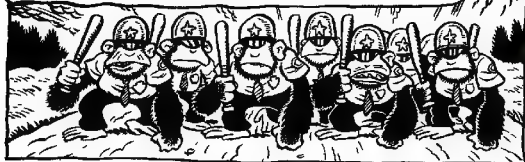
HEY!







AS WE SPEAK, THE CONFRONTATION SEEMS TO BE NEARING A CLIMAX. THE ANIMAL-LOVING SUPREME, WHO HAS SO FAR REFUSED TO MEET WITH THE DEMONSTRATORS, HAS SENT HIS PRIVATE SECURITY FORCE, WHICH CONSISTS ENTIRELY OF TRAINED CHIMPANZEES!



THE WHOLE MEDIA MARKET'S WATCHING! THE WHOLE MEDIA MARKET'S WATCHING!



DADDY, WAREN'T YOU HAD ENOUGH? WHY KEEP TORTURING YOURSELF?

BECAUSE, PLUM, I'M DETERMINED TO RIGHT THIS WRONG BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY...AND THERE ARE OTHERS WHO AGREE WITH ME!





BLOOMP!





END

DIRECT SALES



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Please help us continue our mission to fight censorship by making a donation. With your support, the CBLDF can continue to champion comic-book professionals' freedom of speech. After all, it's the thought police that should be banned!

(clip and mail)

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